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URANIA's Temple:

OR, A

SATYR

UPON THE

Silent-Poets.

Carmina nulla canam——
Virg.

LONDON,
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Urania's Temple:

OR, A

SATYR

Upon the SILENT Poets.

BEneath the Foot of proud *Pernaſſus* Mount,
Water'd by the Eternal hallow'd *Fount*,
Whence th' inſpir'd *Siſters*, the whole ſacred *Nine*
Deliver all there *Oracles Divine* :
A Pile their ſtands, ſtupendious Work, erect
Like *Theban Tow'rs*, Poetick Architect ;
Spacious the *Walls* for the large *Quire* they bear,
For the whole *Delphick Hierarchy* ſing there.
Eternal Spring on this bleſt *Temple* waits,
Laurel the verdant Umbrage round the Gates.
Garlands of floury Sweets perfume the Ayre,
Our faireſt *Britiſh ROSE* the ſweeteſt there.

How rich, how all magnificently Great
The Tow'rs and Pinnacles of this proud *Seat*,
Enough the monumental Fabrick ſtands
Erected by the *MUSES* Artiſt-hands;
An eaſy Coſt, nor *Wealth* can want, nor *State*,
Rais'd by thoſe *Founders* ev'n whole Worlds create.

Around the Columns in fair *Tablet-paints*
Hang the bright Portraits of *Tranſlated Saints*,
Moſaick Faces all; and all enroll'd
Are *holy Numbers* writ in Leaves of *Gold*.
The *Io Pæans* to the *Mighty Dead*,
Inauguration Songs to th' *Heav'n-crown'd Head*.
Incenſe is all the Altar-Offrings here,
A *Veſtals* fragrant Sigh, or *Virgins* Tear,
Or thoſe more rare all *Phenix* Spices, *LOVE*;
True *Turtle Innocence*, the Halcion *Dove*,
So ſeldom ſeen below, and ſo high-priz'd above.

The pious Rites that tune this *peaceful Sphere*
(For *Harmony*'s the whole Devotion here)
Are *Anthems*, which exalted Raptures raiſe
Or to ſome *GOD*, or *God's Vicegerents* praiſe,
Crown'd Heads; but *Crown'd heads* only, the True Race
Of the *Cœleſtials*, where each *heavenly Grace*,
Religion, *Piety*, dart their brighteſt Ray,
Virtues that *light* and *warm* the World they ſway;
The whole *Divinity* they repreſent:
Bleſſings too ſeldom to poor Mortals lent.
True *Copies* of their Great *Original*,
Our Songs *rare Theme*, and honour'd *Wonders* all.

One ſacred *Vault* alone the Temple held,
A *Casket* with uncommon *Reliques* fill'd.
To *KINGS* by their own *Fames embalm'd*, the Tomb:
Peculiar Grace, and which the narrow room
To rich *Imperial Duſt* can only ſpare;
Unleſs ſometimes a hallow'd *Bard* ſleeps there:
And 'tis but juſt, to ſhare one *Funeral* State
The Royal Trump the Royal Urn ſhou'd wait,
The Poet lodg'd ſo near the *Duſt* of *Kings*,
Beneath the Feet of thoſe *Great Lives* he ſings.

The *Goddeſs* of this Roof, (for Oh no leſs
Than an *Immortal* muſt this *Fane* poſſeſs)
URANIA of the All the moſt Divine,
Does here in her whole Soveraign Glory ſhine.

'Twas here, (when, lo, the fatal Call was giv'n,
That that *Fair SOUL*, the brighteſt Spark of Heav'n,
Albion's divine *Promethean* muſt aſcend,
And to Eternal Day new Luſtre lend:)
As the *Apollinanry GOD* beheld
A *BEAM* which might ev'n his own *Chariot* gild,
A winged *Mercury* t' *Urania's* Shrine,
He ſent to ſummon the whole *ſacred Nine.*
Th' *Etherial Purſevant*, what though he rod
On Lightning as he flew, a *poſting God*;
The *Muſical Divan* was ſat before:
So ſwift Great *MARY*s Trump the *Eccho* bore,
From mourning *Thames* to th' murmuring *Helicon*-ſhore.

Now all th' *Enthuſiaſtick Quire* began
In Notes that up to Heavens high *Ela* ran.
No poor *Lucinas* to that *eaſy Muſe*,
No *Powrs* were call'd that Poetry t' infuſe.
The great *unſtudied Theme* ſo well to thoſe
Conſenting Raptures, willing Numbers roſe:
MARY alone could their *Inſpirer* be,
The very *LIFE* they ſung all *HARMONY.*
Nor was this Royal *Hymn* to *Light* all bound
T' *Urania*'s Walls alone: Th' aſcending Sound
Was hear'd above; hear'd and repeated too,
Up to her own *Third Heav'n* the Muſes *higheſt Region* flew;
Both *Quires* united Song. Nay, and to fill
The *ſacred Chantry* with more Voices ſtill;
Ev'n the moſt humble pooreſt Shepherd Breed
Taught by the ſoft *Alexis* well-tun'd Reed,

Their Great *PASTORA* ſung; on every Tree
A *Chorus*, the whole Grove one Rapſodie.
The mournful *Philomel* ſat warbling there,
Nor wants a *Thorn* to wake to ſuch an *Ayre*.
Around her a whole Neſt of *chanting Throats*.
Ev'n the aſpiring *Lark*, with thoſe rich Notes,
Above the very Clouds bears her proud Wings,
To mount, if poſſible, up to the *Theme* ſhe ſings.
MARIA's Song (to breath her *Oracles*
The *Heavenly Truths*, her wondrous *Story* tells)
A Theme, that ev'n inanimate Woods might move;
Make every Tree a whole *Dodona*'s Grove.

But whilſt this *Univerſal Quire* thus fill'd
The *Delphick God* (that great *All-Eye*) beheld,
Pleas'd with the mighty Rites; as he look'd round,
A ſullen Knot of *Tongue-tied Sons* he found:
With *Rancour* choak'd their Muſe all ſpeechleſs lyes:
'Tis true, a *ſpightful Smile* begins to riſe;
For their whole *Souls* ſpeak only through their Eyes.
Apollinary Heads, *Meduſa*-dreſt,
The *Grin*, the *Hiſs*, whole *Gorgon Snakes* their Creſt.
All true *Athenian*; for the Muſes Spring
Has thoſe *Night-birds* that *hoot*, as thoſe that *ſing*.
Not that a cloudy *Ignorance* had veil'd
Their ſhaded Senſes, or their Silence ſeal'd:
But *obſtinately* Mutes; and to their ſhame
A *murmuring* Race, no ſtrangers to that *FAME*.
Thus *ENVY*, though a Fiend of inmoſt *Hell*,
Does ſtill *Heav'ns* ever neareſt Borderer dwell:
Where *Virtue* builds her *Throne*, ſhe digs her *Cell*.
'Tis true, not one but a true *Muſſulman*,
(So high their mad prophetick *Phantoms* ran,)
Waits th' *opening Clouds*, a *Mecha-pilgrims* Ape
For wondrous *Reſurrections* all a-gape.

To

To their great *Dagon* Hecatombs divine
Are all too ſmall: But to *Maria*'s Shrine
Not their own Brother *Cain*'s lean *Sheaf* they bring;
No, not an empty *ſtubble Offering*.
To *Truth* and *Honour* they're *Nonjurants* all:
Not one bent-knee to thoſe *loath'd Names* muſt fall.
But to *warp'd Laws*, *ſtrecht Oaths* (all Homage due)
Th' old *Coronation Cobweb-Lawn* ſtill true,
There with a keen *Toads Eye*, and a *Larks Wing*,
They only want th' old *Maudlin* Quire to ſing.

This *Chaos-brood*, the Sons of *Diſcontent*,
Made up of every *jarring Element*,
Aſham'd, I dare not ſay, (that *ſtranger Grace*
A *Bluſh* was never ſeen in ſuch a Face)
With a *diſdainful Scorn* from this *bright Quire*
To their own darker *ſullen Cells* retire.

A *Houſe* there ſtands where once a *Covent* ſtood,
A *Nurſery* ſtill to the old *Covent-Brood*:
This ever *hoſpitable Roof* of yore
The famous Sign of th' old *Oſiris* bore,
A fair *red Iö*, *hieroglyphick*-fair;
For all the *ſuckling Wits* oth' Town *milcht* there.
This long old *Emblematick*, that had paſt
Full many a bleak Winters ſhaking blaſt,
At laſt with *Age* fell down, ſome ſay, *Confuſion*,
Sham'd and quite daſht at the new *REVOLUTION*;
Dropt out of *modeſty*, (as moſt ſuppoſe)
Not daring face the new bright ROYAL ROSE.

Here in ſupiner State, twixt reaking *Tiff*,
And fumigating Clouds of *Funk* and *Whiff*,
Snug in a nook, his dusky *Tripos*, ſits
A *Senjor Delphick* 'mongſt the *minor Wits*;

Fear'd like an *Indian God*, a God indeed
True *Indian*, ſmoak'd with his own native *Weed*.
From this oped *mouth*, ſoft *Eloquence* rich *Mint*
Steals now and then a keen well hammer'd *Hint*,
Some ſharp *State-rallery*, or *politick Squint*,
Hard-midwiv'd Wit, Births by *ſlow Labours* ſtopt,
Senſe not profuſely *ſhowr'd*, but only dropt.
Sometimes for *Oracles* yet more profound,
A titillating *Sonnet's* handed round,
Some *Abdication-Damon* Madrigal
His own *ſowr* Pens too overflowing *Gall*.

I muſt confeſs, in pure poetick Rage,
Bowd down to the old *Moloch* of that *Age*,
His ſtrange bigotted Muſe our wonder ſaw
Tun'd to the late great *Court-Tarantula*.
What though worn out in *Pleaſures*, *old* and *ſtale*
The reverend *Outly* ſculkt within the *Pale*:
It was enough like the old *Mahomet's Pidgeon*
He *lured* to *Bread*, and *maskt* into *Religion*.

Had that, now ſilent, Muſe been but ſo kind
As to this *Funeral Dirge* her *Numbers* join'd,
On that great *Theme* what *Wonders* had he told:
For though the *Bard*, the *Quill* is not grown *old*,
Writes *young Apollo* ſtill, with his whole Rayes
Encircled and enricht, though not his *Bays*.
Thus when the *WREATH*, ſo long ſo juſtly due,
The Great M*ECENAS* from thoſe Brows withdrew,
With pain he ſaw ſuch Merit ſunk ſo far,
Shame'd that the *Dragons-Tail* ſwept down the *Star*.

Not that the *Conſcience-ſhackle* tied ſo hard
But had he been the *Prophet*, as the *Bard*,
Prognoſtick'd the *diminitive* ſlender *Birth*
His Sev'n-hill'd *Mountain-labour* has brought forth,

His

His fore-ſeen *Precipice*; that *Thought* alone
Had ſtopt his *Fall*, ſecur'd him all *our own*:
Free from his *Hypocondriack Dreams* he had ſlept,
And ſtill his unſold *Eſau*'s *Birthright* kept.
'Tis thus we ſee him *loſt*, thus mourn his *Fall*:
That ſingle *Teint* alone has *ſullied All*.

So have I in the Muſes Garden ſeen
The ſpreading *Roſe*, or blooming *Jaſſimine*;
Once from whoſe Boſome the whole *Hybla*-train
Th' induſtrious *Treaſurers* of the rich Plain,
Thoſe *wingred Foragers* for their fragrant Prey,
On *loaded Thighs* bore thouſand *Sweets* away;
Now ſhaded by a ſullen *venom'd Gueſt*
Cankerd and *ſooted* o're t' a *Spider's Neſt*.

His Sweets thus ſowr'd, what *melancholy* Change,
What an *ill-natur'd* Lour, a Face ſo ſtrange,
His *Life* one whole long Scene of all *Unreſt*,
And *airy Hopes* his thin *Cameleon*-Feaſt;
Pleas'd only with the *Pride* of being preferr'd
The *ecchoed Voice* to his own *liſtning Herd*,
A Magiſterial *Belweather* Tupe
The Lordly *Leader* of his *Bleating Troop*.

Methinks I hear ev'n his young Pupils cry,
We write a *Junior MARY's Elegy!*
For full *Third Days*, and *Claps* good ſtore and hearty,
Our Work's to *trim*, not diſoblige a *Party*.
What, ſhall we draw our Pens, engage our Quills
In ſuch a *Cauſe*; and drink our Diſh at *Will*'s!
We dare no more hang out, no more diſplay
A *blazing* Rhime that does but *light* that way,
Than he a *Candle* on a *King WILL*'s Day.
For Poetry, alas, on this occaſion
Is ten times worſe than an *Illumination*:

'Tis downright to *bewray* our *Neſts*, meer Nonſenſe;
Like *Clodpates* Fidler ſing againſt our *Conſcience*.
'Tis true, out of meer ſhame we rig in Blacks,
The modiſh *Whitehall Livery* on our Backs;
But let not that *dark Badge* make the Court-tools
Think they have *Converts* of us: No poor fools,
To tell the truth, we wear this *ſable Dreſs*,
For good old *Luxemburgh*, not young *Queen Beſs*.
But now I talk of *Wills*, pray do not think
That we come there for ſober *Coffee* drink;
'Tis true we ſup our Diſh: But how! We take
The *Turkiſh Liquor* for the *Turkiſh ſake*.
Lewis and *Mahomet* in Leagues Divine
Are th' only *Gemini* in our *Zodiack* ſhine.
Party per pale alone our *Coat* adorns,
We own no *Croſs*, but what the *Creſcent* horns.
However ſhould we feel an *Itch of Verſe*,
To hang ſome *Couplets* on that Royal *Herſe*;
On ſuch a *ſubject*: Death! What can *we* ſay?
You know our *Genius* lies *another way*.
Religion and grave *Sanctity*! All Phlegme.
Virtue and *Piety* are not *Our* Theme.
The *ſaturnine* dull *Features* of a SAINT,
Are what our *airyer* Pencils here can paint.
True, we have ſeen that *ſhining Preſence* warm
The *Theatre*, and the Spectators charm.
The Stage has felt her *influencing* Pow'r:
Nay, ſome of Us perhaps, at ſome kind Hour,
Have caught the *Goddeſs* in a *Golden ſhowr*.
A Royal *Grace* of that *obliging Kind*,
As leaves us all thoſe vaſt *Arrears* behind.
But to that *Charmer* we muſt ſtop our *Ears*,
For *Gratitude* our *Rubrick* never bears.
Beſides *Great MART* in the *Box*, our *Wit*
Can no more reach—Our *Talent* lies more fit
For little *Jenny Cromwel* in the *Pit*;

For

For *ſonnets* to ſome *Phyllis* of the *Grove*
Convey'd by that kind *Vehicle* of *Love*;
Some ſoft *She-ſinner*, melting *Miſs*; ay, marry,
Our *Pegaſus* can *ſwoop* at ſuch a *Quarry*.

Theſe *Doctrines* our young *Sullenists* preach round,
The Texts which their *poetick Silence* found.
But why the *Doctor* of their *Chair*; why Thou
Their great *Rabbinick Voice* thus ſilent too?
Cou'd *Noll's* once *meteor* Glories blaze ſo fair,
To make Thee that all-*proſtrate Zealot* there?
Strange, that that *Fiery Noſe* cou'd boaſt that *Charm*,
Thy *Muſe* with thoſe *Seraphick-raptures* warm!
And our fair *ALBION Star* to ſhine ſo *bleak*,
HER radiant *Influence* ſo *chill*, ſo *weak*!
Gorg'd with His riotous *Feſtival* of *Fame*,
Cou'd thy weak ſtomach *pale* at *MARY's Name*!
Or was thy *Junior* pallate more *canine*,
And now in *Years* grows *ſqueamiſh* and more *fine*!
Fy, peiviſh *Niggard*, with thy flowing ſtore
To play the *churl*,— Excuſe thy *ſhame* no more.
WIT's a *free Deniſon* of the whole World,
Claims *Paſport* every where; with ſails unfurld,
Like the fam'd *Drake's* once *Univerſal round*,
Shoud range the *Globe*, and know no *Check* nor *Bound*.
The *Muſes* too woud *meanly* be reproacht,
By wretched *Faction*, or poor *Spight* deboacht.
Rowze then, nor let ſuch empty *phantoms* fright;
But take thy *generous* Pen, ſit down, and *write*.
And if the *ſullen Thing* be ſtill too *ſtout*,
Play thy own *Exorciſt*, and drive him out.

Not that th' unjuſt *impoſing* World would ask,
From thy kind Hands, *unreaſonable* Task.
For though *Her Altars* do not juſt with thine,
Thou haſt *Theme* enough beſides, and all *Divine*.

Draw but Her *BEAUTY*, paint each *lovely Grace*:
There's not one *Heretick-Line* in that whole *FACE*:
A *Face* that ev'n *All Churches* reconciles:
No *Faith* but what muſt own thoſe *Angel-Smiles*.
From Her *bright Eyes*, ſurvey Her *brighter MIND*,
The *Leading Virtue* of Her whole *fair Kind*:
Her *Goodneſs*, *Mercy*, *Charity*, Her whole
Rich *Treaſury* the *Hoard* of that *Fair Soul*:
The fragrant *perfumes* thoſe kind *Odours* breath;
But above All, Her ſweeter *NUPTIAL Wreath*:
Her bright *Aſcendant MORALS*; Subjects more
Than *Wit* can reach, *Heights* where no *pen* can ſoar,
Thoſe dear *Domeſtick Memials* of *Her* Reign,
Abſtracted from *Her* loftier *Temple-Train*.

Nay, not to give thy own dear *Rome* the Lye;
Her warm *Devotion*, ſo much *Piety*,
A *Piety*, though *Her miſtaken* Guide,
A *Zeal* ſo high, if on the *Erring* Side,
Has *Beauties* ev'n for whole *charm'd Worlds* t' admire,
A *Theme* enough the *niceſt Muſe* t' inſpire,
Though *SHE* knelt only to a *Veſtal Fire*.

FINIS.